Kiss Me, Liar...

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Kiss Me, Liar...

by Phenobarbital

Summary

Hannibal would never again let Will see him, because ultimately, his ability to forgive was finite and he was, intrinsically, sociopathic.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Hannibal, it's characters or the song lyrics.

-Short piece inspired by Matthew Mayfield's song; Quiet Lies
-Not Beta'd

See the end of the work for more notes

Kiss me, Liar...

No more silent treatment
I am screaming in your ear
I'm starving stop at nothing
'Til I am inside you for good

Will was laid out beneath him, naked and close, body sliding and moving with mock sensuality and passion. His breathing was elevated, his skin dampening with sweat and flushed, he was holding eye contact, pressing and pushing and pulling, kissing, clutching, gripping at Hannibal, feigning intensity, humming as Hannibal slid his hands over the expanse of Will's naked body, the younger man seemingly sincere in his eroticism…

…it was a familiar scenario, one which Hannibal had experienced several times over the few months passed since Virginia, since the Dragon, since they fell into the Atlantic and had fled from America.

Yes, since that fateful night…he and Will had had sex many times.

It had seemed an almost natural occurrence at first…but Hannibal should have, though hadn't, stopped to consider in the beginning, that perhaps Will had given himself too willingly, too quickly. When really he should have noticed something odd about it sooner, he should have been more aware of the fact that Will smiled too easily, seemed too eager to touch and be touched…that he rose at odd times of the night and crept from the bedroom, or that he disappeared to be *alone* at random for long walks no matter what country, city or time zone they were in, passing through as they constantly moved and travelled in order to lose the trail of the FBI and various international authorities looking for them.

Hannibal honestly should have questioned it the first time that Will had kissed him –too smoothly, too sure of himself- instead of properly answering the question of what he'd been doing -with his cellphone- on the balcony of their temporary apartment one evening during that first month that they'd been on the run, but Hannibal had allowed himself to be fooled.

So he hadn't pressed the issue then, and he wouldn't now either, for what would be the point?

It would be too little too late, because now they'd settled and now he knew the truth without needing to ask.

He'd found the cellphone, read the message sent, discovered the contact Will had made…

…Will pulled him down into a kiss, lips sticking and moist, hands in his hair, the younger man's lean, hot body trapped beneath him in their *shared* bed, arching up to meet his own as if Will really wanted *more*, as if he really wanted to be touched and kissed and fucked and adored by Hannibal.

Such a liar, Will Graham. Such a unique creature, one of a kind, to be able to deceive him, to deceive Hannibal Lecter like no other had before him, nor ever would again.

He would have smiled in that moment if he could have, unable to partly because he had Will's tender, well-sucked, soft bottom lip trapped between his teeth, but mostly because of the rage he was carefully concentrating on keeping at bay, the rage that was tempting him to move his mouth lower and to sink his teeth into the thin, breakable flesh of Will's bared throat.

Bared trustingly as if he wanted Hannibal's teeth to mark him, foreseeing no danger, no threat.

Perhaps they'd both allowed themselves to be fooled.

Will moaned too, against his mouth, said *Hannibal* in a broken, pleasure tortured voice, in a tone and a rasp and a sexually heated way that Hannibal hadn't ever imagined Will was even capable of.

He was beautiful, Will was…the most beautiful thing Hannibal had ever seen or known or touched.

A sight Hannibal never tired of; Will's dark, damp ring-like curls on pristine white linen, flushed skin alight and slightly goosepimpled, dilated pupils eclipsing blues and greens, red lips trembling and moist with breath, shapely, long, muscled legs hitched on Hannibal's hips, rough hands –always shaking when they fucked- clutching and grasping at Hannibal, at his taut, shifting muscles, in his hair, on his shoulders, arms, back and hips.

Will portrayed desire as Hannibal portrayed his humanity.

Masterfully. Neither façade completely real but real enough that the truth was blurred…that betrayal was possible.

Another shift, wrinkling the sheets, and another kiss, saliva clinging to their lips, and then their bodies were lined up and Hannibal paused, looked down into Will's face, suspended in the moment just before penetration, their breaths mingling, all limbs tangled and skin sticking and –Will's- false intimacy bleeding out.

Hannibal smelled the lies on him crisply now, as definitively as he could smell blood, and Will was hemorrhaging.

He felt Will's hands settle on his hips and press, wordlessly urging Hannibal to slip inside and he resisted the urge to shudder –hurt and disgusted by Will's deception- as he slid his long fingers into those dark curls, smooth and soft beneath his hands. He pushed them back from Will's forehead in a slow stroke and then he tightened his hold, fisting his hands just enough to be able to tug.

Will pretended to like it.

And Hannibal looked into Will's eyes, but they revealed nothing to him, gave nothing away, but then, he'd never been able to read Will clearly.

'*Beautiful liar…'* he thought, but didn't say, *'...how do you not **see** all that I would do for you, all that I would give?'*

Will said his name then, tried to crane his head, mouth parted, gaze beckoning…a request to be kissed.

Hannibal denied him and tightened a fist to pull Will's head back so that his neck arched and his adams apple strained against the vulnerable flesh of his throat as he swallowed, his eyes falling closed, his legs wrapping tighter around Hannibal's waist.

Artful in his ruse.

Arrogant in his trust.

Hannibal slipped his other hand down between their bodies and kept his eyes on Will's face as he held himself and guided his sex into Will's prepared body, preparation that Hannibal had taken his time with, preparation that made the entrance smooth and easy, yielding and slick, a firm slow press that placed him deep inside Will within seconds.

Will's mouth parted wider and he moaned a pitchy and breathy 'aaah' at being filled, dug his fingers, his blunt nails into Hannibal's hips and turned his head to the side, to where Hannibal's arm was. Will touched his lips first to Hannibal's inner forearm, exhaling hot on another soft moan before he kissed the scarred skin there, eyes still closed.

But Hannibal's eyes were wide open, and he watched with new fascination and anger as pleasure mixed with disconcertion played over Will's beautiful face. He hadn't noticed it before, but now that he was looking for it, he was able to see the lie in the nuances and subtle lines of Will's expression.

Will didn't want to be there, submissive to him, vulnerable –and hating that he felt good- having Hannibal inside his body…*violating* those formerly only crossed boundaries that they'd once discussed.

But yet he was there, had been the one to offer himself sexually and had been allowing Hannibal into him for months…as a means to an end. A distraction and diversion that Hannibal had allowed himself to fall for, the mistake he'd made in allowing himself to *hope* Will might want him the way he'd wanted Will.

Will opened his eyes then, met Hannibal's dead on and breathed out a request; *Move, Han- Hannibal, I n-need to feel you…*

Lies.

Will didn't want to, let alone *need* to feel him, the need in his voice was a manipulation, the light bucking of his hips was a pretense, the heat in his eyes was a burning deception and the drag of his nails up Hannibal's back was done with resentment dressed up as impassioned impatience.

Hannibal obliged nevertheless, he shifted slowly, got comfortable above Will, settled his weight on his left forearm at the side of Will's head, on his knees and feet braced on the smooth sheets between Will's thighs, keeping their bodies pressed close intentionally, chests, stomachs, pelvises touching and his cock buried to the hilt inside Will's tightness…and so he began to move, and Will's breath caught on a real moan when he did.

As expected, Will's body would betray his concealed contempt, Hannibal knew, because Will came *every single time* Hannibal fucked him, sometimes more than once when Hannibal felt generous.

Hannibal kept it close so that they were touching as much as possible as he moved.

And he didn't thrust so much as roll his hips so that he was barely ever really out of Will, so that he was consistently buried, deep, angled just so and stretching so that Will would *feel* every inch of him, coaxing pleasure from the sensitive nerves inside Will's silken heat with every shallow roll, bump and rocking of his hips.

And Will moaned at every movement even when he tried not to, didn't want to, a litany of *ahs* and soft groans, hitched breaths and short, tense –possibly self loathing- sounds. His mouth hung open while his eyes barely could and gradually, as Hannibal loosened him up press by press, Will's frown eased into an exposed expression of pleasure that he couldn't pretend not to feel.

Hannibal had seen Will like that several times in the months passed, and usually it made him feel good to see Will so needy and willingly at the mercy of his touch, so desperate for him, but not right then.

Not now, when he knew it was built on a lie.

Hannibal breathed mostly evenly as he moved, it was only just slightly elevated from the physical exertion. He was barely straining himself though, and his mind was removed from his body's pleasure, from how he felt with his sex being held inside Will's most intimate place.

Sex had been Will's means to an end before, but now it was Hannibal's.

He would always have the memory at least, of the first time Will had let him inside, had let Hannibal have him.

Hannibal had trembled with the intensity of the feelings he'd experienced.

He'd felt bliss for the first time in so long, believing Will, believing in Will's sincerity.

He would have worshipped Will in every way that he knew how to…

…but Will had always been *too good to be true*, in more ways than one.

Too perfect to be real.

Too moralistic to be faithful to his dark urges.

His empathy too much to be overcome.

His humanity too intact to condone cold blooded murder.

Will was saying his name softly and panting…*HannibalHannibal*...as he worked his hips and deliberately pressed his cock deep, angled and pressured up, making sure Will felt nothing but the warm, sharp shocks of pleasure that came from direct prostate stimulation, making sure Will became incoherent with pleasure.

Will breathed out; *H-Hannibal, kiss me*...

Hannibal denied him and severed eye contact as he pushed himself up and separated their torsos somewhat, leaning more of his weight on his left side just enough so that he could look at Will's body beneath his own and trail his right hand over the expanse of skin on Will's left side.

As he caressed his hand firmly over from the bend of Will's thigh and his hip, where the younger man's leg was risen and spread, Will left one hand clutching Hannibal's back and he brought his other to hold the back of Hannibal's neck.

"…aah…kiss…uhn…me…" Will almost whispered, his teeth lightly clenched and his tone more demanding.

Hannibal heard wariness in his voice, a trace of suspicion.

It was almost time.

He caressed his hand upward then, all the way up over Will's rising and falling stomach and chest, his left pectoral, pert nipple, over the lines of muscle on his upper arm and shoulder before he settled his body so that he was more centrally balanced above Will again.

He kissed the younger man then, as demanded…and Will inhaled sharply and parted his lips, and with his liars mouth he returned the kiss, his tongue falsely eager to meet Hannibal's across their parted lips, his hips beginning to move more consistently downward against the precise rocking of Hannibal's hips.

Will's legs slid against Hannibal's sides and his thighs and his hips, drew up and fell open and wrapped and unwrapped from his waist, hands clenching, sliding, limbs restless with

pleasure, as they kissed and fucked and fucked, slow and steady, hot and slick, unhurried and building pleasure, and Hannibal acknowledged the pleasure for a moment, choosing to allow himself to briefly fall into Will's sexual presence...

…but he found that he couldn't, no longer able to give himself into the deception…it was too late.

Will was pliant beneath him, pleasantly high and Hannibal shifted his weight smoothly and easily -in the hot, breathing, moaning, rhythmic pleasure of sex- captured Will's wrists one by one and he brought Will's arms to settle above their heads, crossed at the wrists, cushioned in the pillows, and Hannibal held both in the lightly firm grip of his left hand, supporting his weight there.

Will was close to coming, Hannibal could feel it through the tightening inside and hear it in Will's moans, in the incoherent, trembling words he breathed against Hannibal's mouth when he said; *Touch me*…

Hannibal denied him and tightened his grip on Will's wrists as he settled his body almost fully atop the younger man.

Will arched into him and tried to reinitiate a kiss.

Hannibal denied him that too.

"Do you love me, Will?" he breathed out as he slid his right hand up the side of Will's neck and eased his hips to a torturously slow rocking; deep upward press, shallow draw back, over and over and over.

Will shivered, panted, moaned, his calves sliding against the back of Hannibal's thighs as he nodded,

"Yes…" he breathed out dazedly.

It was a lie, one he'd told Hannibal the very first night they'd fucked.

Hannibal had believed it then, but he didn't believe it now.

Will's eyes slid closed when Hannibal pressed deep and held himself there briefly before he started moving again and Will continued to roll his hips as much as he could to meet Hannibal's, the younger man flexing his fingers above their heads, not even attempting to get his wrists free.

And Hannibal gradually tightened his hold and bore his weight down on Will's wrists… impeding circulation little by little.

Hannibal smiled as he considered the younger man, looking down into Will's gorgeous, flushed face.

'*I'll remember you just like this, precious, dear Will, a perfect liar.'* he was tempted to say the last word aloud, but it was an ugly word, and he would never be so obvious.

It would serve no purpose.

Hannibal kept moving slowly, Will now essentially trapped beneath him, his ever-kissable lips inches away, their breaths hot and shared -Will's short and shaken, Hannibal's calmer, deeper-, and Will was sweating slightly, Hannibal nearly not at all…Will's heart racing, Hannibal's steady.

Like a caress, Hannibal placed his warm right hand over the front of Will's throat, his fingers and thumb splaying and settling there –precisely over the left and right points where beneath the soft skin the carotid arteries that Hannibal would compress to cut off the oxygen supply to Will's brain were situated-, and his palm rested over the vulnerable, *crushable* trachea and larynx of Will's throat.

"Have I…told you…Will," Hannibal said between the measured rolling of his hips, the slightest affected catch of his breath making itself known as he stared down into Will's face with dark eyes, "…that…I love you?"

Will's reaction to hearing it was quite satisfying. Hannibal felt Will's shock as it traveled from Will's supine form into his own body, from the jolt of it through Will's muscles and extremities to the sudden opening of Will's pleasure clouded eyes, the spasm of Will's channel around his cock, the flash of heat over Will's skin and the halting of Will's shallow breathing.

Will's hips stuttered, his confidence faltered…Hannibal's didn't.

They stared at one another then, Will's eyes searching his own sharply, but whatever he hoped to find, Hannibal would deny him the grasp of it.

Hannibal would never again let Will see him, because ultimately, his ability to forgive was finite and he was, intrinsically, sociopathic.

It was game over for them and there would be a victor…and Hannibal watched as Will realized it, his green-blue eyes clearing from the haze of pleasure quickly as he took in a breath almost in slow motion when it dawned upon him that he was not the winner.

It was time then.

Will had only exhaled the first syllable of his name…'*Han'*…before Hannibal settled his full body weight atop the younger man and purposely tightened his grip, *both* hands on wrists and throat, and the rest of his name was lost to a soft choking noise caught in Will's throat…

…just Will's vocal ability for now though, even though the temptation to crush Will's windpipe was only barely restrained in the flexing muscles of Hannibal's arm.

"Should I have told you sooner?" Hannibal asked in a sharp whisper, breathing quickly regulating now that all movement had ceased and he was staring into the wide, surprised-angry-fearful gaze of Will beneath him.

Will tugged at his wrists -too little too late- in Hannibal's unrelenting grip, he attempted to arch, presumably to buck Hannibal off, he tried to speak, his throat muscles twitching underneath Hannibal's hand as he made more choking noises, tried to swallow…all in vain.

They both knew that…it was the end of the line.

Hannibal tracked his eyes over Will's face fondly, and he smiled, cruelly,

"Should I have told you on the bluff, before you attempted to kill us both?" Will's face was slowly turning red from the sparse air he was managing to gasp in and the pain of the pressure, "Or maybe I should have told you when you found me beneath the Primavera?" Hannibal asked softly and Will frowned, his body jerking lightly, nostrils flaring.

Hannibal was still inside him, but while Will's body was spasming as he struggled for air, Hannibal was able to feel it less and less as his sex rapidly softened.

Hannibal's smile fell away then as he applied more precise pressure to Will's neck with his thumb and fingers, cutting off Will's air completely. And Hannibal blinked once more than necessary, his pulse ticking just a few beats quicker as he watched Will's eyes open with renewed panic. Will's body jerked once, more violently than before, his teeth clenching as he wound his legs around Hannibal's hips in a desperate attempt for leverage…but it was futile, and no sounds besides strained choking noises slipped from between Will's lips.

Hannibal felt every muscle in Will's body tense tautly beneath his greater weight and Hannibal smelled Will's fear.

It was surprisingly gratifying.

"Perhaps further back…" he spoke quieter now, once the tension that had manifested in his throat eased, "…when you told me you weren't going to miss me, weren't going to look for me, that you didn't want to think about me anymore," another pause, a considering look into Will's constricted pupils, "when you told me goodbye, Will. Could I have changed your mind if I'd admitted to being in love with you then?" he was speaking so close to Will's lips as to breathe on them while Will failed to take in any air at all.

Hannibal watched as tiny veins, bloodshot vibrant red, began to slither into the whites of Will's eyes, the younger man's lips tingeing an off red color as well, becoming dry and stretched as they twitched uselessly between noises and failed gasps. Will's eyes were so wide open…and his anger was visibly draining away, his frown deepening. Will's body was losing its tension beneath his own, adams apple shifting less, attempts to breath lessening.

Hannibal felt dampness in his own eyes when he saw resignation seep slowly into Will's as he went on,

"Instead of cutting you that night in my kitchen, should I have confessed instead?" he breathed out, tears brimming but not falling from his eyes, "How far back, Will?" he hissed softly and then continued in the same tone, "When I learned you'd impregnated Margot and found myself *furious*? When you brought me Randal's body? After you sent your proxy to kill me?" he narrowed his eyes, "When I was the first person you called after you thought

you'd killed Abigail…?" he stopped there, because that had been the first moment at which he'd felt traces of regret for what he'd intended to do to Will at the time.

It had been the beginning of Hannibal's own personal fall…into loving Will.

He realized his hand had tightened significantly and Will's eyes were half-closed, not far away from rolling back, his eyelids fluttering spastically, mouth slackening and becoming grayish, his entire face now draining of its reddened color from the strangulation, becoming more ashen around his eyes, nose and lips.

Will was admirably still somewhat self-aware though, because the moment Hannibal released the younger man's wrists so that he could balance on his forearm again, sliding the tips of his fingers into Will's hair, instead of struggling, Will sluggishly brought his arms down and weakly settled his hands on the sides of Hannibal's face, almost in a cupping, caressing manner.

But Hannibal paid no mind to Will's weak hands as the younger man struggled just to keep them up,

"I do, Will…I love you." he confessed bitterly and then glanced down absently when Will's twitching hands weakly fell to the wrist of Hannibal's right hand wrapped around his throat, "But it was not to be, was it?" he asked pointlessly, because Will's eyes finally rolled back, traces of spittle lining the seam of his lips, his hands going lax on Hannibal's wrist.

He was still making a few final choking noises as Hannibal pressed his thumb and fingers down harder.

And Hannibal knew he could still let go, allow his compassion for Will to once again inconvenience him, Will was only just slipping into unconsciousness and it'd be another minute, maybe two, before his brain functions started to suffer, a further minute or so before he'd die altogether…

…but Hannibal was not feeling merciful, after all...he made murder far more efficiently than mercy.

Hannibal shifted his hips backwards then, removing his flaccid sex from Will's body and shifting to kneel more balanced between Will's limp legs as he rose up and latched his other hand onto Will's throat as well.

He earnestly strangled Will then, drawing out a few more strained attempts at noise and a twitch or two from the younger man before Will's body became well and truly limp.

Hannibal sniffed in the silence as he removed his hot hands from Will's pale, bruised neck. He tracked his eyes over the lovely sight of Will, even in death, as he placed and held two of his fingers to Will's pulse point on his neck to confirm that he was dead.

Seconds passed…7, 8, 9…12…17...21…and nothing. Nothing. Hannibal had known there wouldn't be.

Will was dead.

Hannibal slipped one hand behind Will's neck –gently- and settled one at the side of his face –lovingly-, and he lifted the dead weight of the younger man's head just so before he snapped Will's neck for good measure.

He sat for a minute then, sat back on his legs between Will's and just stared at the body, waiting for the ache in his chest and the nausea in his stomach to recede. But when he realized it wasn't subsiding, Hannibal swallowed with a tense click and closed his eyes to release a few of his previously suspended tears.

He would regret killing Will for the rest of his life, but it was because he'd miss him, not because Hannibal felt Will's death hadn't been warranted.

Hannibal would have forgiven Will leaving him, if it'd come to that, but not for betraying him, not again.

There would be a time to grieve later though, Jack would be along soon with the FBI and local authorities in tow, Hannibal estimated likely in just a few hours because while Jack was an ocean away, Will's message had been sent hours ago and the old agent was like a dog with a bone when it came to Hannibal.

Time was scarce, and Hannibal decided he would lament his loss once he was far, far away.

He reached out a hand to touch Will's face then, but let it fall away before his fingers could make contact.

An hour later, Hannibal disappeared for the last time.

Jack arrived at the house that Will had sent the address of through a text message from an unknown number.

'…**come and get us before I change my mind. WG.**'; the final line after the address had read.

Jack had pulled his shit together within a few hours, he'd contacted the necessary authorities, mobilized his own team, organized a swat team, booked flights and postponed as much red tape and paperwork as possible to get out of the US and into Europe as soon as possible.

But he was too late.

Hannibal was gone…of course he was.

And Will was dead…which had somehow been the least expected outcome for Jack.

Jack didn't even know when he'd started to believe Hannibal wouldn't kill Will. And now he felt like a fool.

A guilty fool.

He stood in the doorway of what was the only bedroom in the addressed house. Clearly, it had been a shared bedroom and Jack realized –too late- that he hadn't needed Price to announce that Will was completely naked -and certainly dead- beneath the bed covers. He'd known. He'd known the moment they'd busted into the house and the eerie atmosphere had settled over him, that they'd find a dead body.

But not Will…why Will?

Will had been strangled, Zeller announced as Price took a closer look, gloved hands assessing. Broken neck too, most likely done post-strangulation, he added. The two forensics agents looked at one another over Will's body and then looked at Jack, and Jack just stared at Will from where he stood at the foot of the bed.

Will was lying in the center of the bed on his back –almost comfortably positioned- with the duvet covering him decently from the waist down, his hands were rested at his sides, eyes closed, hair sleep untidy, face slack. Honestly, if not for the unnatural stillness and ashen gray-blue tinge to his skin and joints and the obvious strangulation abrasion around his neck and restraining bruises on his wrists, Jack might have believed he were just asleep.

Jack wished it were so.

Zeller was saying something about fluid stains on Will's lower abdomen as he swabbed and Jack saw the two men exchange a knowing look, both thinking the same thing. Jack himself knew what it likely was, and he didn't doubt that once the body was properly assessed they'd find evidence of sexual intercourse, along with semen, saliva, hair…a useless DNA Jackpot.

But Jack would refuse to believe it could have been anything other than forced, and while the thought was deeply upsetting, the idea that Will had allowed Hannibal to sleep with him so that he could wait for the opportune moment to contact Jack was just as sickening.

The entire scenario was sickening…and Jack felt deeply guilty, because it would always be his fault.

"What did he take from, Will?" he gestured to his own torso, asking about organs because Hannibal *always* took something, and no limbs were missing.

Zeller and Price and another agent immediately started examining the torso and head of the body –Will, it was Will's body- as the rest of the forensics team moved around the room collecting evidence. Jack waited a tense minute and then frowned when Zeller shook his head, his hands carefully lifting Will's body on one side so that it was slightly elevated, just enough for Price to slide a gloved hand underneath and feel around Will's back,

"Doesn't seem like he took anything." Brian commented and Price agreed with a shake of his head and a facial shrug as he stood up straight again,

"Nope, no incisions or cuts or openings of any kind through which organs might have been removed…" he glanced awkwardly at the body, "…at least, nothing immediately noticeable."

the idea seemed to disturb him.

It disturbed Jack as well.

"Nah, nothing." Zeller piped up, unperturbed, "He's intact."

Price shrugged and they both looked at Jack.

Jack took in a deep breath, hands buried deep in his pants pockets,

"Why wouldn't he take anything from Will…?" he mumbled to himself as he stared at a fading hicky on Will's collarbone, another beside Will's navel.

There was a beat of silence before Price spoke, glancing from Zeller to Jack,

"Will used to say that the Ripper only ate people because they were no more than pigs to him…?" he sounded like he thought he was onto something.

Jack's breath stuck at how right the agent actually probably was, but no one noticed.

Zeller was the one who verbally acknowledged the unspoken implication of that statement,

"So you think he didn't take anything from Will because he didn't see Will as a pig, right?"

Price tipped his head as if to partially agree with his own train of thought.

Jack nodded his head idly, contemplated quietly for a few more seconds and then nodded his head again before he frowned at Will's still form and swallowed down the tension of guilt and sadness he felt,

"Back to work." he said just loudly and gruffly enough to get everyone moving again.

He didn't leave the room though, as he usually might have, instead he just stood and stared at Will's dead body, a sight he'd hoped he'd never see in his lifetime. And while he was no Will Graham, no one ever would be, and he couldn't empathize with Hannibal Lecter, the Chesapeake Ripper, Jack couldn't shake the feeling that he knew exactly what Hannibal had taken from Will, since it was the thing Hannibal had, in the end, decided he'd wanted from Will when everything had been said and done.

Jack recalled that Hannibal had asked Will to run away with him, back when he'd intentionally not killed Will in his kitchen that bloody night, and then had gone on to save Will's life on Muskrat Farm, and then he'd turned himself in because of Will, **for** Will.

Yes, it seemed the likely conclusion…that, if Jack was right, and he honestly thought he was, Hannibal had taken from Will exactly what he'd wanted in the end.

He'd taken Will's life.

End Notes

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